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# Monthly Messenger.

Edited by Rev. T. HALL, Congregational Minister, Queen's Road Chapel, St. John's.

NEW SERIES. VOL. V. No. 7.

JULY, 1878.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE EDITOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

After ten years' constant hard work I decided to have a rest. A city minister, who preaches three sermons per week, presides at several meetings for devotion and business, conducts an extensive correspondence, directs missionary labour, cares for schools, and attends to the multifarious duties of a pastor, will once in a while feel weary and careworn. Five years ago my thoughtful and indulgent congregation voted a long holiday, but I made such a bad use of it, that they had almost decided I should never have another. This time I promised that I would be quiet—take good care not to preach and lecture myself almost to death. So once more I was set at liberty, and on May 9, at 4.30 a.m., I was passing out of the harbour on board the good s.s. Venezia, Captain McMaster, commander. Very soon we lost sight of the dear old city where I left so many loved ones, and in which I have spent some of the most pleasant years of my life. Fog, fog, fog, so thick that you could almost drive a peg in it, and hang your hat on it. Ah, that first day at sea! I have unpleasant memories of it still—dark, and cold, and stormy, steamer light in ballast, rolling and tumbling, and—I will draw a veil over the rest, I will only remark there was very little singing, or walking, or eating—a good deal of sighing, and bawling, and wishing for *terra firma*, and vowing never to go to sea again. We had few passengers, but all were in the same condition fortunately. It is some comfort if you are in calamity to have companions, as an Irishman said when the winds had destroyed his corn fields, "It is not so bad, for neighbour McManus has lost his too." Among our passengers was an Irishman, whom we called the "Cow man." I'm sure I do not know his right name. He had charge of a herd of cattle for some lady near Montreal. I think each cow will cost about 400 dollars by the time it is on her farm. Next in importance was ex-school teacher McKeon, who is ex-soldier, ex-bellringer in the Roman Catholic cathedral, an excellent man in his way. I found him well informed on all municipal, political, ecclesiastical, and musical affairs. He is one of the old-time pedagogues, and, to give to the innovations of our modern civilisation, with his family has gone to seek his fortune in the much-abused Dominion.

But to resume: We saw neither sun nor stars, nor anything brighter than an iceberg (and we came unpleasantly near one of these) till we made the land at Cow Bay, Cape Breton. This we did in thirty-six hours from St. John's—good for Capt. McMaster, of whom more anon.

### COW BAY.

Coal-mining is the principal business of this place; consequently everything is coaly. On going ashore I found myself soon in company with an intelligent young man from one of the stores. I generally pick up some such companion. "There is a light in the church; what is going on?" "A prayer-meeting, sir." "What church?" "Presbyterian." "Let us go." The roads were rather muddy, something like Water-street in April. I think until the Board of Works attends to the cleansing of Water-street we might name it Mud-street. But about the prayer-meeting. Alas! I got little information, for all the exercises were conducted in Gaelic. I renewed my acquaintance with the old-time practice of lining the Psalms by the precentor; and the tunes—well, there were no demi-semiquavers, nor quavers, nor minims; but the shortest would count six by the tick of the clock. I was introduced to the pastor, who glories in the good old Scotch name, McDougal. I found him a man every inch. He preaches once in Gaelic and twice in English every Sabbath, and conducts several meetings during the week. As I expected to be in the neighbourhood on the following Lord's Day I promised to assist in the evening service.

### GLACE BAY.

We steamed into Glace Bay on Saturday at noon. The scenery is very beautiful, but the inhabitants are poor, owing to scarcity of labour in the mines. I saw more ragged children in these two ports than I have seen in all the out-harbours of Newfoundland. If they had as good times as in former years, there would be a great change in these mining districts, for I learned that the Temperance Reform movement had starved out the grog-sellers. I gave them a parting speech from the deck of our steamer to put down the grog-sellers. My advice was well received.

I was only a short time in this port when I was invited to conduct service in the Episcopal Church

next day; but, as I left home to rest, I thought it prudent to decline, though I might just as well have promised, for by seven o'clock that same evening we were on our way to Picton, Nova Scotia. The fog followed us till we entered the Straits of Causo. Here we found it bright and beautiful on either side of the strait. There is a population, principally French Catholic. The scenery is charming; it is only equalled by Goose Bay, in Bonavesta. We arrived in Picton in time to attend service in Princess-street Presbyterian Church. A very instructive sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Ross, brother to Principal Ross, of Dalhousie College. I spent all Monday ashore in the very pleasant and hospitable homes of the Messrs. Ross and McMaster, relatives of our esteemed citizen, Smith McRay, Esq. From these families I received much kindness and attention. With a splendid horse I was taken over several miles of country. I visited three cemeteries and the high school and academy, spent several hours in the school, paying such attention to the working that my head ached all the rest of the day; but I determined on leaving home that I would examine the boasted school system of the Dominion and the States. Well, if Picton is a sample of the schools of Nova Scotia, they deserve all the praise they get, and more. A boy or girl must be a veritable dunce who is not educated after graduating in those two institutions, and all the children *must* graduate, and the only charge is for books. The best education in the land is within reach of the poor man's child. Poor Newfoundland! your educational advantages are a long, long way behind those of the Dominion. Your miserable denominationalism is the curse of the colony, and generations unborn will bewail the bigotry of a now deceased ecclesiastic, who, taking advantage of the critical position of a few politicians, forced on the country the hated denominational and sectarian Education Act of 1876. I will, doubtless, return to this subject when I come to describe the school systems of the United States, Ontario, and Quebec.

But to return to the voyage. Having taken our cargo of coal, we heaved for the St. Lawrence. We passed close by Prince Edward's Island, and soon found ourselves in smooth waters. All along the coast we could see the comfortless-looking dwellings of the inhabitants, principally French Canadians. The only substantial and comfortable dwellings are the churches and convents and residences of the clergy. These are systems of religion that contrive to keep their votaries poor and ignorant, while they enrich the clergy. Witness Spain, Italy, and the Province of Quebec.

#### QUEBEC.

There is much to interest the historian and the patriot in this old city. But I found something that came closer to my heart, for here played in childhood one as dear as life to me. There is the dame from whom she learned her letters—and this old lady who shakes me by the hand carried her in her arms, and often she climbed on the old gentleman's shoulders. Here is the spot where the house stood in which she was born, and from which she was rescued from the

flames; there she picked the wildflowers and chased the butterfly, long before she had the good fortune to call me husband. It would be strange if Levis had not charms for me—it has. I rambled over that old spot, and mused—and—and—I'll not tell. You might know too much, or think me sentimental. But I am enjoying my holidays now; I may be poetic, sentimental, imaginative, or whatever I like.

There are some splendid buildings in Quebec, among which I may notice the Lovell University and the cathedral, and, indeed, all the churches. The old streets are narrow, and some I should say dangerous in winter. The new Assembly House will be a magnificent structure. I hope to give more attention to the points of interest on my way home. I had only four days here, and one of them was the Sabbath. In the morning I attended service in the Presbyterian Church in Levis, pastor Rev. D. Anderson, but the Rev. Mr. Cool, from New Glasgow, preached. Congregation is small, but the church is very neat and comfortable. There is also an Episcopal and Methodist cause: these would not make one ordinary congregation; the Methodist especially is miserably small.

In the evening I preached in the Congregational Church, Quebec. Here the Rev. Mr. Powis has laboured for upwards of twenty years, but is now called to Zion College, Toronto. The Lord has greatly blessed him in his work. He is an able preacher and a good pastor. It will be difficult to replace him. The Church is in great distress at parting with him. The building, both external and internal, is a gem. The inside is like a parlour. I judged there were 250 present. All appear to belong to what we call the better class. I met a Sunday-school scholar from St. John's. Six years had made so much change in the boy that I did not recognise the young man.

I left Quebec on Tuesday for Boston, *via* Montreal, promising my brother-in-law, Mr. Buchanan, that I would endeavour to return this way, and spend a few days in sight-seeing. If I do, my readers will get more information about the city where the English soldiers thrashed the French, and where the noble hero Wolf fell, grasping the crown of victory.

I will bid you good-bye, while I step aboard the floating palace the s.s. Quebec, *en route* for the land of the stars and stripes.

#### REST.

The traveller in a desert land—hot sun above  
And burning sand beneath—foresore and weary,  
Longs to see some huge grey rock, within whose  
grateful shadow

He may rest, and find repose.

So, dear Lord! would I find rest in Thee.

My tired and weary heart can find no resting-place

Amid the world's turmoil, only on Thy warm breast,  
dear Saviour!

Can I find repose. There rest is precious, rest is  
sweet;

And soul, and heart, and brain, are all refreshed,  
And the racked nerves and body calmed and soothed  
by Thy sweet peace within.

Would that we oftener fled to Thy blest side, dear  
Jesus!

And made Thy heart our home. H. D. ISACKE.

## GEMS FROM MOODY,

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.**—One afternoon I noticed a young lady at the services, whom I knew to be a Sunday-school teacher. After the service I asked her where her class was. "Oh," said she, "I went to the school and found only a little boy, and so I came away." "Only a little boy!" said I. Think of the value of one such soul! The fires of a Reformation may be slumbering in that tow-headed boy; there may be a young Knox, or a Wesley, or a Whittfield in your class."

**UP IN A BALLOON.**—Contrasting the importance of earthly and heavenly cares, Mr. Moody said:—"When men going up in a balloon have ascended a little height, things down here begin to look very small indeed. What had seemed very grand and imposing now seem as mere nothings; and the higher they rise the smaller everything on earth appears; it gets fainter and fainter as they rise, till the railway train, dashing along at fifty miles an hour, looks like a thread, and scarcely appears to be moving at all, and the grand piles of buildings seem now like mere dots. So it is when we get near heaven—earth's treasures, earth's cares, look very small."

**THE BLIND MAN'S LANTERN.**—Out West a friend of mine was walking along one of the streets one dark night, and saw approaching him a man with a lantern. As he came up close to him he noticed by the bright light that the man seemed as if he had no eyes. He went past, but the thought struck him: "Surely that man is blind." He turned round and said: "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes." "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern that people may not stumble over me, of course," said the blind man. Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

**DUTY OR LOVE?**—I make it a point to go and see my widowed mother at Northfleet once a year. Now, suppose I should go there next Thanksgiving Day, and say, "Mother, I did not want to come this time, but a sense of duty compelled me," don't you think that mother would very soon tell me if that was all that brought me, I need not come again? And yet is not that the way that many Christians go about the Lord's work? They have no love for it. You often hear of men breaking down in their work. Men will break down who work from a sense of duty; but if they have love in their hearts they will never tire, much less break down.

**EARNESTNESS.**—A Sunday-school teacher, dying of consumption, was so anxious about the conversion of his class, that he came to me in great distress of mind. Together we arranged that he should drive to the homes of his respective scholars, and seek to win them to the Saviour. After spending a week at this work, he had the joy of seeing them all brought to a saving knowledge of the truth; and then, ere the dying teacher left the city for his native village, where he wished to end his days, we had a precious reunion of his scholars, all rejoicing in the Saviour; and when he left one morning by the train for his home, the whole class met at the station to bid him a last earthly farewell.

**A FEW WORDS TO PARENTS.**—I have been very much cheered in the inquiry-room by having parents bringing some of their children there, and this afternoon at the theatre I found a mother with her little boy weeping. I went over to see if that mother was a Christian, and I found that she was, but the tears rolled over her cheeks as she talked about her boy. "Here is my son," she said, "and I am so anxious that he should be saved." And as I talked to the little fellow, while his little breast was heaving and the tears were running down his cheeks, I could see that the prayers of that mother were answered.

**MR. MOODY'S CABMAN.**—To show how all classes of society are beginning to think of spiritual matters, Mr. Moody related the following fact: "The cabman who took me home yesterday, after I had alighted from the vehicle, said, 'Bain't you Mr. Moody?' I told him I was. He then said: 'Well, hadn't you ought to talk to me about my soul? hadn't you ought to ask me if I bain't saved?' I then spoke to him; but he seemed disappointed to think I had not spoken to him about his soul."

**SAVED BY A KISS.**—A lady came into the office of the New York City Mission, and said that, although she did not think she could do much of active work for the Lord, yet she should like to distribute a few tracts. One day she saw a policeman taking a poor drunken woman to gaol—a miserable object, ragged, dirty, with hair disordered; but the lady's heart went out in sympathy toward her. She found the woman after she came out of gaol, and just went and folded her arms around her, and kissed her. The woman exclaimed: "My God! what did you do that for?" and she replied, "I don't know, but I think Jesus sent me to do it." The woman said: O, don't kiss me any more, you'll break my heart. Why, nobody hasn't kissed me since my mother died." But that kiss brought the woman to the feet of the Saviour, and for the last three years she has been living a godly Christian life, won to God by a kiss.

**THE MAGDALEN.**—A poor, fallen woman was in the meeting one Sunday, and while I was speaking, she determined never to go back to the house of shame, where she had been living. She came into the inquiry-meeting, and after some friends had talked with her, I said: "Where's the mother of that girl?" "Oh," she said, "I don't think my mother will ever forgive me." I said, "I think you are mistaken; I think you misjudge your mother; I never knew a mother that would not forgive her child." A Christian lady took her home that night, and the next day a dear minister of the Gospel took her to his house to stay until they could find her mother. Soon after I had a note from the minister, saying that the mother had been found; and, oh, what a joyful meeting it was between them!

**THE PRAYERFUL CRIPPLE.**—I once knew a little cripple who lay upon her death-bed. She had given herself to God, and was distressed only because she could not labour for Him actively among the lost. Her clergyman visited her, and, hearing her complaint, told her that there from her sick bed she could offer prayers for those whom she wished to see turning to God. He advised her to write the names down, and then to pray earnestly; and then he went away and thought of the subject no more. Soon a feeling of great religious interest sprang up in the village, and the churches were crowded nightly. The little cripple heard of the progress of the revival, and inquired anxiously for the names of the saved. A few weeks later she died, and among a roll of papers that was found under her little pillow was one bearing the names of fifty-six persons, every one of whom had in the revival been converted. By each name was a little cross, by which the poor cripple saint had checked off the names of the converts as they had been reported to her.

**THE DREAM.**—I remember hearing of a person that was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing, he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I remember hearing of a man's dream, in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone; that was left out. He said to the angel: "What is this stone left out for?" The angel replied: "That was left out for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God; and that man always worked faithfully after that.

**NOT BEARING MUCH FRUIT.**—I once asked a lady to go and speak to a woman who sat weeping, about her soul. "Oh!" said the lady, "I am afraid I am not qualified for the work; please send some one else." "How long," I said, "have you been a Christian?" "Twenty years." Twenty years on the Lord's side, and not qualified to point a soul to Christ! I am afraid there will be a great many starless crowns in glory.

**AN OCTOGENARIAN REVIVALIST.**—When we went to London there was an old woman, eighty-five years old, who came to the meetings, and said she wanted a hard in that work. She went to places where we should probably have been turned out, and told the people of Christ. There were none that could resist her. When the old woman, eighty-five years old, came to them, and offered to pray for them, they all received her kindly—Catholics, Jews, Gentiles, all. That is enthusiasm. That is what we want.

## THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

BY REV. J. H. M'CARTY, M.A.

SUFFERING brings us into sympathy, not only with Christ, but with each other. We are members of a suffering family. However dissimilar our tastes, our habits, our education, or the sphere of society in which we may chance to move, we come together at this point. Let a great sorrow fall on us, and how soon we learn that there are hearts that beat with sympathy for us! We then see the better side of life, the spontaneous outburst of genuine affection, even from those whom we scarcely knew before; and this makes us love our race a little better than we did. So that human sorrow binds the world into a great brotherhood.

It is God's pity—God waking up the hearts of those around us, to go and represent Him; humanity showing its true self. For however cold the world around us may seem to be, there is, after all, a great world-heart that, under the cloak of fashion or business, still throbs in the breasts of men and women, and only needs an occasion, when, lo! the mantle is cast off, the office is closed, the gay laugh is hushed, and there it is, a great throbbing heart of sympathy and love, coming to us with kindest offices.

"There is One

To whom sad hearts have often gone.  
Though rich the gifts for which they pray,  
None ever came unblest away.  
Then, though all earthly ties be riven,  
Smile, for thou hast a Friend in heaven."

Faith, not sight, is our anchor in the storm. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

All these sufferings point to the future. All our griefs, sorrows, bereavements, trials, and temptations are indices of heaven. They will not go with us to heaven; no pain or grief shall enter there; but, like the guide-board by the roadside, they only tell us which way to take. To murmur at them, to receive them in any other spirit than that in which they are given, is only to leave God's path, and wander off into the mazes of sin—into the wilderness of confusion, doubt, and despair.

Heaven is the explanation of earth, it is the key which unlocks the mystery of all our sorrows, it is the recompense of all our griefs; and its eternal bliss shall pay for all God's children suffer here. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then, face to face. Now we know in part; but then shall we know, even as also we are known."

Heaven will solve many a dark problem that has troubled our minds here. It will show us what we can never learn here, and satisfy all our demands when we reach it. We must have faith in God, and live and endure till he says, "Come up higher." Do your work well; and when the frail bark of your life goes down, go with it to the bottom as God shall will, with the heart anchored to the Throne by the strong faith of the Gospel, and it shall be well with you. Go to your life-work with zeal, prosecute it with energy, and meet death when it comes—or griefs and sorrows when they come—with courage, with faith.

Life is not always to be measured by years, but by deeds. And it is often true that in death we only give emphasis to life. Death brings out its meaning. Death rounds our lives to a close, and is but the fragrance of cemented and compacted virtues. In death we may do a thousand times more for God, and for his cause, than we can do in a long life. And so of all the ills that afflict us, there are times of sorrow, when true Christian grace can best be exhibited to the gaze of man. We must go on trusting in God, and life will be at least, in the consciousness of right. The cloud will be fringed with gold, and in the deep voice of the tempest that may toss your bark, will come the voice of Jesus, saying, "It is I; be not afraid." Let us believe that

"Sin can give no wound  
Beyond love's power to heal."

Believers are never more beautiful in Christ's eyes than when their own spots are most discernible to themselves; and oftentimes when they are sharpest in censuring themselves, He is most ready to absolve and commend them.

## THE BALANCE OF POWER.

BY ARTHUR MURSELL.

"THE balance of power"—what does it mean? It means, not the balance, but the overbalancing of the drunken heads of plotting statesmen and of wicked kings. It means the greed of despots, the smacking of the lustful lips of an accursed ambition. It has been the pat excuse for princes to trot out their armies, and governments to levy blood-tax upon industry for centuries; the plea by which the colossal price of military pageantry is wrung from drudging millions year by year. Labour must be taxed, homes must be poor, and children must be hungry from generation to generation, to keep up the balance of power. It is a phrase scribbled by some demon sybil on the fluttering leaf, and blown out of some dark cave in hell to be picked up by kings and emperors upon earth, and copied upon the code of bloodthirsty diplomacy. If the balance of power means anything at all, it surely means the helping of the weak by the strong, the laying of the weary head upon the arm of might, and the soothing of the brow of sorrow on the breast of sympathy. If I have more strength than I need to serve myself, how can I better keep up the equilibrium than by looking for a weaker one than I, and lending him the muscle that is superfluous to me but deficient in himself? If my table groans under such dainty repletion that I am puzzled at the rich redundancy, surely I can think of some lighter table than my own, where the scanty viands only mock the appetite, and fling in some weight out of my surfeit to keep up the equipoise. This seems, at least to me, to be the golden rule for regulating the balance of power, alike among men and nations. Not for the rich to crush the poor, not for the strong to scourge the weak, not for the fat to feed upon the lean, but for sympathy and love to hold the beam, and keep an equal scale of brotherhood through all the world.

## SLEEP THE BEST STIMULANT.

THE best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry his work through, is to go to bed and sleep for a week if he can. This is the only true recuperation of power, the only actual recuperation of the brain force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, and in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which takes the place of those which have been consumed in previous labour, since the very act of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food previously eaten, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness in sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough to swallow anything, and all is over.

One reason why we don't have more answers to our prayers is because we are not thankful enough. The Divine injunction is, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Some one has well said there are three things in this verse: careful for nothing—prayerful for everything—thankful for anything.—D. L. Moody.

Some people tell us it does not make any difference what a man believes if he is only sincere. One Church is just as good as another if you are only sincere. I do not believe any greater delusion ever came out of the pit of hell than that. It is ruining more souls at the present than anything else. I never read of any men more sincere or more earnest than those men at Mount Carmel—those false prophets. They were terribly in earnest. You do not read of men getting so in earnest now that they take knives and cut themselves. Look at them leaping upon their altars; hear their cry—"Oh Baal! oh Baal!" We never heard that kind of prayer on this platform. They acted like madmen. They were terribly in earnest: yet did not God hear their cry? They were all slain.—D. L. Moody.

## THE LORD'S LAND.

BY REV. H. R. RIDGWAY, D.



The Church of the Ascension.

ON Friday morning, April 17, we mounted for a ride around the environs of Jerusalem. Starting from the Jaffa Gate, we rode southward down the Valley of Hinnom, with the Lower Pool of Gihon, which was entirely dry, on our right. Thence we turned eastward between Mount Zion and the hill of Evil Counsel through what was once the dark and gloomy depths of the Valley of Moloch, till we reached En-rogel, or Joab's Well, which is at the intersection of the Valleys of Hinnom and Kedron. This is a deep well, from which the water is drawn by rotary buckets. It was in the mouth of this well that the two young men, Jonathan and Ahimaaz, sent by Hushai and Zadok to warn king David of the subtle and wicked counsel of Ahithophel, are supposed to have been concealed. The position answers fitly to the narrative contained in 2 Sam. xvii. 17, 18, 19, etc.

Turning up the Valley of the Kedron we came to the Pool of Siloam, where the Tyropæon Valley enters the Kedron. A short distance below the pool, immediately on the roadside, is the traditional tree under which the prophet Isaiah was slain. Twenty-six steps, cut in the rock lead down to the water, which bubbles up from under the lowest step. As we went down, men and women from the village opposite were bathing. The water is clear and cold, with the sweetish taste peculiar to it and to that of Siloam, and also the waters found about the Mosque. Recrossing the valley from the Fountain of the Virgin, we stopped a moment before the Tombs of Abraham, St. James, and Zechariah, and then hurried on to the Garden of Gethsemane, situated at the foot of the Mount of Olives. The feature of the place is the eight olive trees. Notwithstanding the great age to which the olive lives, we are sure these trees could not have existed in Christ's day. The whole north and east side of the city was a scene of utter desolation, wrought by the siege of Titus. It is not unlikely, however, that trees subsequently sprang up from the seeds of the original trees, or that shoots sprouted from the old stumps. The eight trees now standing in the garden seem to be very old; one especially so, gnarled, scraggy, and hollow. It stands just to the right of the gate in the picket fence, and is designated as that under which the agony of Jesus took place. As I stood under it the whole scene of Christ's suffering came vividly before me. Admit that the goodly old tree, a few of whose leaves I was allowed to pluck, is not the identical tree where the Saviour's agony took place, still it is a successor of that tree, and grows near

the spot where he drank the cup of sorrow. I could not resist the impulse to get furtively behind it and breathe a silent prayer through that Divine Mediator who was here crushed in spirit for my sin.

The best time for visiting Gethsemane is either in the early morning or early evening hours, when the stillness is greatest, and the subdued light lends impressiveness to the place. Of all the holy shrines in and around Jerusalem it is the favourite resort of Protestants, as being the most natural, and tending, in its freedom from factitious abuses, to bring the heart nearest to Christ. Ah, what a pleasure it was to climb the side of Olivet, and to feel here is God's work—no mistake, no humbug here—this is the earth, the natural ground; though swept by many a storm of rain and battle, it remains ground still! We went up the very pathway (following a slight depression, which rises almost at a right angle with the valley) which David trod when he fled from Absalom, and which Christ must have frequently trod when he went out to Bethany. At the brow of the hill the road forks, the left leading to Scopus, and the right to the summit of Olives, called by the Arabs *Jebel el Tur*. The mountain itself—dotted with olives, figs, and carobs, with here and there a bit of a ruin, a broken tower or fence, and a green garden—looks well, and the city lies out in all its fullness and grace. The panorama is perfect. The greater eminence of Olivet—two thousand four hundred feet above the Mediterranean—enabled us to look down into the Haram Area, the broad expanse of which, with the *Dome of the Rock*, the *Mosque el As Ka*, the several smaller structures, the slender minarets and tapering cypresses, shows to the highest advantage.

The Church of the Ascension, a small, octagonal-shaped building, possesses nothing of interest apart from its name. Its possible occupancy of the site whence our Lord ascended to heaven led us to look into it. The Scriptures merely indicate the ascension to have been from some part of the Mount, without positively settling the exact location. Some spot on this mountain was the last on earth which was pressed by the Redeemer's feet, and from which he ascended into heaven. It matters little that we cannot definitely determine where it is. Our effort to do so is as fruitless as was the gaze of the disciples when their eyes followed the Master as He was taken up into a cloud and received out of their sight. The event itself crowns the Mount of Olives with a glory which belongs to no other mountain.

From the Church of the Ascension we rode southward to the "Church of Pater Noster," standing on the traditional site where Jesus taught his disciples the Lord's Prayer. We could not gain admission. On another day I visited this church and was well repaid. On the walls of a colonnade which surrounds the interior court the Lord's Prayer is painted in thirty-two different languages.

At high noon we arrived at our tents, gratified with the circuit we had made, and with our dragoon and horses.

It was hard to continue sight-seeing this same afternoon; but it was Friday, the opportune time for visiting the Jews' Wailing Place. Accordingly, putting ourselves under the escort of Dr. De Haas we penetrated through the street of David to the Jewish quarter. Very soon a straggling Jew, with his long locks, long-tail coat, and fur cap; or a stray Jewess draped in her newest, whitest izar, falling gracefully over the back of the head and form, indicated our proximity to the sacred spot. It is an exposed part of the exterior western wall of the Haram between the Gates of the Chain and of the Strangers, and, from its large bevel-edged stones, is supposed to have belonged to the ancient temple. Pictures may assist the imagination in conceiving the scene, but the actual seeing can alone enable one to feel it. In a little open space, about twenty feet wide and seventy feet long, we found three or four dozen Jews grouped—reading, listening, praying, and weeping. Some grave old men read out of greasy old books (the Bible or the Talmud), while others listened. Some of the women, too—apart, of course—read to other women. A few put their faces as close to the wall as possible, seeming intent upon thrusting their noses into the very crevices of the stones. Here these people gather from week to week to sigh and mourn for all the evils which have happened to Israel, especially that the site of their great and beautiful Temple has become the possession of infidels. It is said, also, that individuals bring hither their private griefs—griefs for the dead and the living, of disappointment and jealousy. Pretty young maidens have been known here to bewail their unrequited loves. Why should not the heart take its greatest sorrow, the world over, to the holiest place? I confess that

though the first effect upon me as I stood by was rather ludicrous, I found myself, as I tarried longer, entering sympathetically into the sobs, whether sincere or simulated, of these poor, despised Israelites.

We had reached Jerusalem too late in the season to see ploughing on Mount Zion. But all around us were the proofs, in the growing, ripening grain, that the plough for this, as well as many previous years, had been at the double work of preparing for grain and fulfilling prophecy: "Therefore shall Zion, for your sake, be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest." Micah iii. 12. This part of Mount Zion, now south of the wall of the city, was included within the ancient city. The first wall, undoubtedly, ran south from the south-east angle of the Temple Area, as far at least as the Pool of Siloam, and then around westward and northward, encompassing the whole hill. This was the mountain of the Jebusites, which for four hundred years bore defiance to Israel, and was at last captured by David and his valiant young men. Here David established his capital, built his "ceiled house," and dwelt as the king of Israel. Though now a desolation, with only a few meagre buildings and enclosures grouped together to designate the place of his habitation and burial, it was always worthy the palace of a king and the home of a poet. Upon this height, "beautiful for situation," was David's kingly home; and here, overlooking many of the scenes of his youth and of his outlawed life among the Judean hills, he recalled the wondrous dealings of God with him, till his musings were kindled into those psalms of pure thought, of tender pathos, and devout ecstasy, which have been the study and delight of the religious mind from his day to the present time.

It was now near sunset, so we entered the Zion Gate, or Bab en Nebi David, the Gate of the Prophet David, which, though a fine Saracenic structure, is not so large and elaborate as either the Jaffa or Damascus Gate, and turned eastward down the hill to see the Lepers' quarter. Here these loathsome creatures are allowed to live, huddled together without the least care, or the least effort to abate the nuisance. Although relief has been offered by strangers, and the Turkish Government makes an appropriation for their benefit, little or no attention is paid to their wants by the local administration. They are permitted to thrust their hideous forms before the public in the thoroughfares, and one day in the week by common consent, they sally forth on a general begging expedition. Repeated private efforts have been made to gather them into a hospital, but the authorities are indifferent to every such movement.

The next day was Saturday. A visit to the Citadel was made by most of our party. The consul obtained permission from the governor, and kindly sent his *cavass*, Mohammed, with us. We entered by the porticulis on the east, and examined pretty thoroughly the whole fortress, from the gloomy dungeon beneath, to the parapets at the top. The refitting is all modern, and there is nothing, apart from associations, to make this fortress more interesting than many to be found elsewhere. Two old iron cannon mount the rampart, which are used for occasional salutes. From the roof is obtained an admirable view of the city and of the adjacent hills and valleys.

The Citadel, known now as the Tower of David, is confidently believed to be the same as the Tower of Hippicus, which stood at the north-west angle of the first and most ancient wall of Mount Zion. It is built upon the solid rock, the rock being scarped so as to slope back from the broad fosse which lies between it and the street. This rock is faced with large stones, some of them from nine to thirteen feet in length and four feet wide, and is a striking specimen of what is supposed to be Herodian masonry. This ancient work extends only about forty feet high: that above is modern. If this be the Tower of Hippicus, then it is one of the few things which Titus spared in the destruction of the city; and certainly the character of the masonry shows it to belong to a period as early as the time of Herod the Great.

The following Sunday passed pleasantly. Two or three of us walked early in the morning to the Chapel of the Virgin, to Gethsemane, to the summit of Olivet, and out as far as to Bethany. I attended service in the forenoon at the English Church, and heard a good sermon from the venerable Bishop Gobat.

The imagination is of so delicate a texture that even words wound it.

## THE END OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

The substance of a Sermon by the  
REV. ROWLAND HILL.

"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."—Acts xx. 24.

PAUL is now about to take leave of the people of Ephesus. In this chapter, we are told, he sends for the elders of Ephesus to meet him at Miletus, a village perhaps near to the seashore, as most probably he was not permitted to go far up into the land, being then a prisoner, and about to be taken as a prisoner to be tried and condemned to death at Rome. Here he takes his last, beautiful, and final farewell of the people of Ephesus, where amidst much contention he had been preaching to them the Gospel of Christ, and where he had been establishing the glorious truths of the Gospel of Christ in opposition to all the mad projects of the worshipper of the great goddess Diana of that city.

What is it that first presents itself to our consideration in these words? "Neither count I my life dear unto myself." But it is very dear, notwithstanding: I have a spark of immortality enkindled within me, a life that God has secured for Himself by the purchase of His redeeming blood, and which He means to make a habitation for Himself through His Eternal Spirit. So that my life is invaluable; why then should I not esteem it dear to me? Here the apostle certainly means that he was not at all afraid to sacrifice his present life for the sake of that future glory which he was to have bestowed upon him in the world to come. Oh that we could live as we ought to live, and every moment live as unto God! Then we should see that a life of carnality, a life of worldly enjoyment, is a life of no consequence to us. What are the few hours that we spend here below when they are compared with that vast eternity which is before all of us—that eternity which I know I shall soon begin, but who can tell when I shall end it? Abel has now been lifting up his high praises to God for six thousand years nearly, and this morning he begins them all again: and though here on earth we get tired in singing the same song for want of variety, yet there is something so new and glorious in the person and sufficiency of the Redeemer, that it will always be a new song while we sing old ones.

"So that I may finish my course with joy." Well, that is the thing, to finish with joy. We must first begin well. Oh ye young ones, are ye beginning well? It is lovely to see the first stages of life most solemnly dedicated and devoted to God. We like to see the blossoms in the spring; but we like to see the fruit much better in the summer, and we like it best of all when it ripens in the autumn, and when it answers the end for which its fertility was contrived. So may the Lord grant that you may all begin well. Oh that some prayers may now be offered up in your young minds that you may begin well, and begin to-day: if you have not yet set out, set out now. May you go on better than you have hitherto; may you increase your strength in the Lord; and may you end best of all, finishing your course with joy.

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy." My dear brethren, this concerns you all; some of this holy book does not concern you all, but this does concern you all. God put you in the right path, and the Lord grant that you may find your souls so sweetly accustomed to walk therein, that you may never step a single step aside. Oh, when shall this be sufficiently admired in the fulness of the command? "Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Keep to that perpetually; give yourself no time but for God and His glory. You say perhaps, "Sir, you don't know; our time is very much taken up; our trade must be minded; our families must be attended to, and we must work while we are in this lower world." Very well, work on; only remember that in the midst of your labour, in the midst of your calling, whatsoever it may be, you keep the fear of God warm in your hearts, and His love abiding in you, that while you are filling that sphere of life in which Providence has placed you, you may be filling it up to the glory of His dear name. Christian tradesmen are honourable characters; and I am sure of it, you may glorify God in your stations more than many a poor lazy creature who has nothing to hinder him from being always active for God.

I have sometimes said that the world seems to me to be made up of a top and a bottom; it is froth at top, and mud at bottom; and if there is any clear water, it is in the middle of society. If you are in that situation that you have all your time occupied, glory be to God there is no lawful situation in which you cannot serve Him; otherwise the apostle would not have said, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"; neither could the apostle have commanded, "If a man will not work, neither let him eat." Come, don't mind your stations, but fill them up for God. Remember that whatever station you are in, in the minutest circumstance of life, you are directed to glorify God in the accomplishment of every duty. Whether you eat, or whether you drink, or whatsoever you do, you must do it all to the glory of God; you must have but one aim. Campbell was an excellent writer: he used to put at the conclusion of the treatises that he wrote, *Soli deo gloria*—"To God alone be all the glory." Let nothing be done but to the glory of God; all human actions, all worldly actions may do as much to the glory of God, as I may preach to the glory of God.

There is a mine of truth in that text, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being," and have the image of God divinely formed in our minds. Don't you think you are Christians because you come here, or go elsewhere, or because you are so called by your neighbours. Examine your Christianity by your Bibles; and remember the way to do that is, to see whether the precious graces of the Spirit of God are to be found dwelling within your hearts, and written upon your consciences. Let them be fixed and dwell in the soul, and then you will be enabled to tell that your hearts are under the influence of Divine grace. I feel that when any bad movements are in my heart I am grieved at them, and want to go to that sacred sanctifying Spirit that can cleanse and purify the inward dispositions of the mind. Pray what do our earthly doctors do? Why, they ask how our constitution is; they ask how we feel, what inward complaints we have. They know very well that all complaints arise from within, and if they act wisely, they operate against our inward evils. So does the Divine Physician of our souls (who knows infinitely more than they do) when he cleanses the very thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of this Holy Spirit from time to time. It is indeed testifying of the Gospel of the grace of God when such glorious effects are produced on the souls of all men who are true believers in His dear Son.

The Apostle Paul here observes, by-the-by, that this ministry is from the Lord. We are many of us accustomed to go into the country during the pleasant part of the year. Now our first business in the choice of such a place should be, to ask whether the church minister preaches the Gospel or not; and if you find that he does, be thankful, and go to hear him. But remember that the preaching of the Gospel should be the grand thing we ought to look after in all the public dispensations of Divine Providence. We must remember that unless Christ be preached we hear nothing. Christ is all in all, and without Him we are nothing at all. Paul received his ministry of the Lord; all the ministry is by the grace of God. It is a very strong expression. It pleased the Lord to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. These words are very strong in the original. The word Gospel means glad tidings, good news. Why, there is nothing worthy the name of good news, excepting that which tells me how it shall be with me in a future world. The Gospel, properly speaking, and interpreted in its own words, simply means glad tidings. "Behold, we bring you glad tidings of great joy;" the original expression is, "This is a gospel of great joy." And where does all this come from? It comes from the grace of Christ. Oh, I am thankful that grace is in my heart! The same God that gave me repentance must keep me penitent all the days of my life; the same God that taught me to pray will still continue to bless me; the same love that He kindled in my heart must be continually fed by Him, that it may burn up to the glory of His name; the same gracious tempers that His powers inspired must be again and again communicated to the heart, that I may still live agreeably to my profession. The work of the Son is well pleasing to the Father. Yes, the Father beholds, with infinite admiration and delight the glories that dwell in His co-equal and co-eternal Son. "This is my beloved Son," said the Father, (a fine expression) "in whom I am pleased." We cannot give the full interpretation of that word; it not only means well pleased, but fully appeared: "I rest in my love; I am well satisfied with it." The delight of heaven is found in the heavenly

person of our Lord. And whilst the Father doth delight in His Son, He delights equally to bless all them that are found united to Him by that living faith which the Gospel of the grace of God creates in the heart.

These are the principles upon which we may live, and may testify the power of the Gospel of the grace of God upon the soul. It is the Divine testimony that God gives to the heart, and I have an evidence that I am born again when His blessed Spirit is found to live within me.

## THE SEVEN HILLS.

BY ARTHUR MURSELL.

THE Seven Hills have ceased to echo with the clash of Papal swords and the tramp of Papal troops; but they still reverberate the shattle of bearded pilgrim feet, and vibrate with the lie which calls a weak man the infallible vicar of the Saviour. Still do those Seven Hills thro' to the curses and the blessings of a usurper to whom it belongs not to curse or bless, because he is human and sinful and not Divine and pure. But as faith's eye sweeps round the landscape of spiritual history the crests of seven other hills start forth, all bathed with the light of coming promise. Daylight is climbing fast over their crowns and showing beams radiant with unclouded sheen. And from the light the voices of assurance come, like song-bird carols on the silver morning. We see the wet knoll of Ararat, whence the dove has plucked the olive-branch to mark the sinking of the swollen floods of strife, and the ark of human hope resting at length from all the tossings of the ages. And as we turn to the rainbow which assures us that the flood shall never swamp those hopes again, we see the brow of Mount Moriah, and the ram looking from the thicket at the uplifted knife, to remind us of a nobler priest hood and of a better sacrifice. And while we ponder the sweet lesson a finger points to Pisgah as a vantage-ground to which we may ascend, and look across the acres of the Canaan where our liberty awaits us. And here we see the bald and breezy Carmel, with the broken altar of the living God repaired, and Jezabel and the Baal priests hood discomfited beneath Elijah's lighting scowl.

Far, far away, but still distinct and clear beyond the rising walls of old Jerusalem, rises the hill across whose slope the Saviour walked to Bethany to declare Himself the resurrection and the life. Still sharp against the light there starts that other mount, the Cross, but not the crucifix upon it, the naked fact, and not the broiler's fable. O Calvary! let me climb to thee, for my High Priest is there! But even as I stand under the cross the "it is finished" seems to find an echo from another hill; and as I raise my raining eyes up from the bleeding feet I thought to kiss and die, behold the cross is gone, and a mightier transfiguration than He found at Tabor has passed upon the Crucifixion. The seventh of the Seventh Hills takes up the burthen, and from amidst the fadeless daybreak which bursts over Mount Zion, the songs of seraphim are mingling with the praise of harpers harping on their harps, "Babylon is fallen, but Jerusalem is rebuilt. Jezabel is dethroned, but Jesus is exalted. Defeated is the usurper who was triply crowned, but worthy is the Lamb who once was slain. Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Those who get through the world without enemies are commonly of three classes—the subtle, the adroit, and plegmatic.

I pity the unbeliever—one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the un fading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance!—(Halmers.)

Persons of genius are more individual than any other people, and less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own characters.—John Stuart Mill.

It is resignation and contentment that are best calculated to lead us safely through life. Whoever has not sufficient power to endure privations and even suffering can feel that he is armour-proof against painful emotions—nay, he must attribute to himself, or at least to the morbid sensitiveness of his nature, every disagreeable feeling he may suffer.—Wilhelm Von Humboldt.

## "BEACON LIGHTS."

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

### FRANZ BREDT'S OATH; OR, A TALE OF THE OLD WELL AT NONNENWERTH.

"Evil beginnings have bad endings."

IT was towards evening, in the year A.D. 1830, that a man, broad, stalwart, and bronzed, stood waiting neath the balcony of a house which has, perhaps, undergone more complete changes than any other in the whole wide world. I mean the Convent of Nonnenwerth. Not that it was at all a convent in the days whereof I am speaking. No, for a new era had dawned upon it eight years before, and it had become at that time an hotel, which was well filled during all the summer months, and thus the chambers in which so many lives had been dedicated to heaven were now filled with worldlings and their vanities — vanities which somehow will cling if possible to the human race, in some one shape or other, so long as life lasts.

He looked upward, this man who waited, and just when daylight grew crimson, and the Rhine gorgeous to behold, just when, as it were, the glories of heaven and earth intermingled together, a maiden appeared, timid and bashful as a maiden need be, and you, when you gazed into the rough, untutored face of the man, saw that Love dwelt within him, the deep, all-absorbing love of a passionate soul, whose al-

l would be staked on this one venture, no matter whether he lost or no. "Marie!" he breathed, and then the girl came and leaned low over the trellised railing, so low in fact that the man easily brought his own head almost on a level with hers.

Her long light hair streamed down upon his shoulder, and the sunlight lent it a beauty and colouring it lacked in the daytime—lent, too, a glow to her fair cheek. (Ay, but perhaps I am wrong there. It might have been the presence of her companion which effected this latter, only looking upon her it seemed to be the sun's glow, nothing more.) "Marie! and thou wilt not forget to love me—I mean, thou dost love me for certain, and—and, Jakob shall be sent away with his paltry gold?"

"Yes, yes, Franz!" and then her hand, brown and stained with toil, yet small and shapely withal, stole down softly into his. "Yes, Franz, I love not gold, nor Jakob neither."

"And thou dost love me?"

"Nay, I said not that, only thy music is sweet, and it pleaseth me to hear it." She gave her head a pretty toss, blushing more deeply than ever the while, as though in a certain measure she meant the words she spoke, and yet she did not withdraw her hand from his; then when Franz pressed it to his lips in a transport of joy at its possession, something very like a tear stole into her soft, blue eye.

"Say thou lovest me—just once—only whisper it, my own; and then I will be content and proud as well, and Marie," his voice was growing even more passionate than before, "I will soon have a home for thee, a sweet nest for my little dove, and thou shalt have music whenever thou listest then, my precious birdie."

"And I shall love it better than the chinking of Jakob's gold."

Oh, it was pleasant to watch and listen to them — all seemed quite in keeping with the store of romance, which seemed there as though gathered into one—early days, love dreams, the full strength of manhood, and, last and most tender of all, the old age of the grand, sweet river. Nature mellowed there the grey, torpid moments flowing into the sea of eternity: it brings back by magic touches the varied beauties of past scenes: it gives, as I have before said, mellow richness and warmth even to old age and decay. Just beyond, old Father Rhine ceases to be; his waters mingle with that of the mighty



"An oath which, alas! he lived to fulfil."

ocean, and he is no more. A grove of trees hard by whispered and sighed to the lovers, their bright, green foliage appearing alternately red and gold in the evening glow. Then in a little while all paled to what it was before, the glory died out, and the shadows of evening crept on apace. Franz and Marie then separated, he going on his way out into the beaten road, while another figure, also that of a man, whom the luxuriant undergrowth of the grove had partly hidden from view, came forward, and shook his fist threateningly, first at Franz, and then at the girl who was gliding softly back to the work-a-day world to which she belonged. Sitting by the way-side was a small boy, a strap across his shoulder, and a violin in his hand, while by his side lay another and larger instrument, a sort of rude guitar, of which he was apparently taking care.

"Art tired of waiting, Joseph?" asked Franz, coming up, and taking his instrument from the ground.

"No, uncle," and the boy smiled brightly; for was not Franz his own mother's brother, the one to whom that gentle mother had confided him on her death-bed as a precious trust, and had not Franz Brett regarded that trust as sacred?

"Boy," and Franz snapped the strings of his guitar, thereby showing that though rude in make it was not in tone, or else that the hand which touched it was that of a master of the art of using it; "boy, I am minded to put off going till to-morrow. Marie—thy aunt, as is to be some day"—and he laughed a soft little laugh, as one who was sure of his ground, "loves our music, and I would like to play to her once more from the grove. Dost mind, Joseph?"

"No, no!—and uncle, Marie is so good, I am sure she is. I love her too. Methought she looked like a saint to-night as she stood on the balcony, for I went once and looked to find out where you wore; I feared, uncle, that Jakob might be near."

So they talked on in the gloaming, and when the stars shone down upon them, and the lights all had disappeared from the windows of the hotel, they played sweet airs, which stole upon the holy night like the music of angels who had been sent to watch over the graves of those who had weakly tried to render their lives better than mortals' lives could ever be. Then in the morning Franz was tempted to see his love once more, so that it was late ere they quitted the fair isle, and the sun was strong and golden, as Joseph sat once more waiting for his uncle by the way-side. A footstep came up stealthily from behind; perhaps it was his uncle come to surprise him, or—, and here he started, giving vent as he did so to a low cry of pain. A second blow followed the first, and then he recognised the hand which dealt them. Thick and fast they fell upon his poor little defenceless body, his persecutor being none other than Jakob the boatman, the rival of his uncle, and, judging by the ferocious light gleaming in his eyes, Joseph about guessed that he meant to kill him ere he had done. Again, another step, firm and manly, was heard approaching, with now and then a note from a guitar—it was Franz, the good uncle, and in another moment Jakob, who, for all his cruelty, was but a coward, hurried away. "Joseph, Joseph! my poor Pauline's sledge! What is it?" But, ere the boy could find words to reply, his eye took in Jakob's retreating figure, and his whole frame seemed to dilate with a great and righteous wrath.

His words, however, were not righteous for all that—he did not pursue and punish the coward as he deserved; for Franz knew that he was leaving Marie, his treasure, behind, and he wished not to call up any more bitter feeling than was already in Jakob's mind, for her sake; but he swore a fierce oath, as he stood there, an oath which, alas! he lived to fulfil.

They travelled here, there, and everywhere, and Franz was careful of the moneys he received, for were they not for Marie and the happy, happy days to come? He would then rent a little farm, so he said, and settle quietly down; but not yet—and so they roved about, amongst the villages and towns, delighting all with their sweet music, only even as they played, and little Joseph sang, the heart of each turned lovingly, fondly, to the fairy isle, and the girlish figure which they well knew would watch and wait, watch and wait, for their return. It was pleasant, this dream of theirs of a pleasant home, and a gentle rule—it seemed to them almost like heaven compared with their present; and yet, I think, they enjoyed their rambles vastly in those bright days of looking forward; partly, I suppose, because of the sweet sameness which lay beyond. They spent the winter far away, even in Paris, and in the meantime no word came to the fair Nonnenwerth. Franz trusted his love, trusted her so implicitly, that many of us, I fear, can scarce comprehend the simplicity of his unsuspecting nature. Sometimes a thought of Jakob crossed his mind; but then the owner of the hotel would care for Marie—his maidens of the household were to him almost as his children, and Marie, too, was wary; but as to doubting her true love, why such a thought never so much as entered his mind. And so time swept on. Paris, with its gaieties, its shops, its frolics for old and young, rich and poor, helped to pass the winter away for them as for many another, and their music helped feebly to swell the sea of amusement, of which this city—the playhouse of the world, as it were—makes her joyous boast. But when spring came, with its clear skies and balmy air, Franz turned away without a pang of regret, and little Joseph too was glad to go as well; for

on in the distance, the Rhine, the free, unfettered river of poetry and song, beckoned them to come where love, joy, and home awaited them both in their separate forms. Back they therefore journeyed to the fond goal of their hopes, and in shorter time than you would deem possible, their feet again pressed the violet sod of fair Nonnenwerth. Then ere they thought of either rest or refreshment, they played sweet melodies as heretofore, from the midst of the trees which formed the grove.

No Marie made her appearance in the balcony—no, the house seemed to them, those waiting two, as forlorn and deserted as though no guests were within its walls—for them there was but one face, one voice, one smile, in the whole vast universe. They watched the house in vain, but just when Franz was bethinking him of going into the strangers' common room within the noble building to get refreshments for himself and Joseph, as well as to assure himself that all was well with the one he loved, a cautious footstep broke the silence, as he stood thinking deeply, in the almost twilight, beneath the shadow of the early spring buds and tender leaves.

"So thou art come at last!" The voice was oily and soft, yet the smile upon the speaker's face was malicious and evil in spite of all. "I will not say that thou art too late—of that I will leave thee to judge for thyself," and he chuckled as he gazed into the homely yet honest face of the startled Franz.

"Ha! thou knowest not of my good fortune then, friend," he went on, as the other made him no reply. "Thou knowest not as yet; but thou will know in time. 'Ha! ha!' and then he turned upon his heel and went away, with a cautious, cowardly footstep, as he had come.

His words, vague as they were, filled Franz with alarm. He did not care somehow to go to the hotel himself for refreshments, so giving Joseph a coin or two, he bade him go and bring back such things as they needed, well knowing that the boy would be treated fairly, because of the custom they two, with their simple melodies, had helped to bring to the place during the summer months of the past year. In the grove was a sort of shed or hut, and thither Franz went to await the boy's return. Be it known that he and Joseph had spent the greater part of those summer nights during the previous year beneath this shelter, so that the boy well knew where to find his uncle, when he should come back. In bygone days, in fact, sometime during the Thirty Years' War, a well had been sunk close by this spot whereon the hut was built—only a dead well, remember, just one in which were stored away some of the convent valuables till peace should return, and the nuns once more take up their abode in the convent as of old. Franz knew of this well; but to him, as to most people, it was merely a relic of the past tumults, nothing more; now, however, as he sat pondering, his face turned in that direction, his attention was taken by a strong cord fastened to a tree near, while the other end dropped over into the dead well. Just then, however, little Joseph returned with brown bread, cheese, and wine, and alas! some news also, which it were well he had forgotten to tell. One of the waiters who had heard their music in the grove had told the boy, that it had been all as well if they had not come back to the island at all. Marie was false; Marie was soon to wed with Jakob the boatman, because he had money and a house of his own, whereas Franz possessed neither. They said naught of her father's death, of a widowed mother and an invalid brother, whom the girl deemed it her duty to provide for—nothing, too, of the persuasions of the keeper of the hotel, and, in fact, of everybody else, which wrought so upon her that she was resolved at last to accept Jakob and his gold, in the stead of the truer gold of a loving heart. Franz listened to the end, drinking large draughts of the wine the while; then tossing another coin to the boy, he bade him fetch yet another bottle of the liquor, and then he himself sat on alone, his face looking white and deadly with rage, in the now deepening twilight. A slight chinking sound attracted his notice, again and again it came, and as it sounded in the direction of the old well, he arose and stooped over to discover the cause. Deep down at the bottom shone a twinkling light like that of a tiny star in the darkness, and once again the chinking sound was heard. "Who's there?"—and he put his hands to his mouth, forming as it were a sort of trembling trumpet. The noise ceased at once, and a voice tremulous and weak with fear replied, "It's only me, Jakob Gudert—I'm killing a nest of vipers!"

Franz laughed. He knew it was no such thing. He knew that it was Jakob's gold which was hidden there, and that his cowardly, distrustful nature had prompted this hiding-place, and that now he was but feigning a lie to put him Franz, off the scent. He would, however, pay him a trick now. He had robbed him of his love, and now he, Franz, would by and by rob Jakob of his gold. He saw the twinkling light vanish, he saw the cord move—Jakob was coming up, and Franz laughed a fearful laugh as he stood and waited. Little Joseph came once more in sight, and then—I think that the evil one must have been very near to whisper to the man of the beating Jakob had once given the boy, and of the oath he, Franz, had then made. The temptation to be avenged came to him too, clothed in fluttering white garments—it brought to his mind his dying sister's charge, and the white garments called themselves by the name of *brotherly love*, telling him that in remembrance of his promise to the dead he must avenge the boy. A demon entered into Franz's soul, partly rage, partly disappointment, and partly the tired-out body of the man inflamed with the wine he had just drunken—anyway, he paused not one moment, but cut the cord with the knife which lay in readiness by the bread and cheese, and then—and then—he fled from the spot, the mark of Cain upon his forehead. Little Joseph, who saw all and guessed what the result had been, ran too—on, on till they reached the river, and then Franz leaped madly into the shining waters, rose and sank a time or two, and then all was over for him as for the other.

And Marie? Well, deprived of both her lovers she still served on at the old place, and was present at the grand concert of A. D. 1841; but all the sweet light had died out of her life—indeed, it is said that she never smiled but once after the fearful news was carried to her, and that was on the memorable day of which I have just spoken. She smiled then when Joseph Holscher, the sweet violinist, appeared upon the scene, but tears filled her dim eyes directly after, and when the hotel was once more converted into a convent she still stayed on within its walls, as one striving to become the "bride of heaven."

She sleeps now 'neath the violet sod, and the tale of her life is well-nigh forgotten, but the "folk" say that the light is still seen at times in the Nuns' Well, and that the chinking of money may also be heard. They say, too, that on the night when Marie's spirit passed away, soft, sweet music floated up from the river's edge, piercing even the convent walls, and that figures in white were seen passing to and fro, from one place to another. They, ("the folk") say that Marie atoned for Franz's sin by her life of fasting and prayer, and that her soul sought his upon that night and bore him back to the true gold; but we know full well that "no man can redeem his brother, or make atonement unto God for him."

"Ah, yes, and I can pray, can pray rejoicingly!  
For my misdeeds, if Jesus pleads,  
Who then condemneth me?"

Flaque.

## CLING FAST.

THIS is a needed counsel, not less imperative to the pilgrim of life than to the drowning sailor who has a grip of the saving rope. Whatever be the field of exertion, or the purpose set before us, still these words ring forth a stern and simple warning—cling fast, or you waver and fall. The world has been often likened to a battlefield, where the fierce din of conflict is apt to unnerve the boldest, and is sure to make the weak and irresolute succumb. The issue does not fail in aptitude, for the strong hearts only can bear up in that fight for progress and liberty which is hourly waging around our path. Are we laggards in the field, or to be seen in the thick of the dusty fray, binding these words as a motto to our hearts? Time will reveal, for ahead in the dim future there is a resting-place, where the drones and the workers will be separated for evermore. But in these brief remarks we wish rather to use the phrase with a special than a general application; to use it in relation to the sublime truths of the Christian religion, so fiercely attacked in our time; and, by many who should know better, so loosely and lightly held to.

Cling fast. How can we adequately express the burning thoughts and earnest desires that are awakened when we remember how pressing is the need for holding on like grim death to the faith once delivered? Words fail to describe the dangers that lie hid in the insidious attempts made to under-

mine vital Christian doctrines by well meaning, but mistaken thinkers. There is nothing more perilous than begging the question in this matter, and this is now widely done. It is so very plausible to argue that new interpretations are the outcome of increased light from above, which is a gain to humanity; and in certain aspects nothing is more true. But when we are told that those truths which have stood like the mighty rocks through tempests of doubt and scolding swept over them by centuries of opposition, are now unsettled and shaken, we demur, and urge all who value Christian principles to "cling fast." Let us not be drifted away from one fact which is indisputable, come what may—that there exist truths fixed, unalterable, and indestructible concerning God and man which no increase of knowledge or enlightenment has any power to touch. Let us bind our faith to these eternal pillars of religion, and refuse to loose it at any man's bidding; let us with all the energy of our souls cling fast to these.

Observe, we possess a strong admiration for that searching spirit which is actuating the great and subtle thinkers of the day. We sympathise with the pure spirit which reverently seeks to arrive at the truth by sweeping away from ancient dogmas the rubbish which man's ignorance or blindness may have gathered around them. But below this umbrageous growth of misinterpretation, there are the roots of holy realities, and to these we cling as the very messages from God Himself, and therefore sacred to all time. The non-essential, the superfluous, we are content to see cleared away, but germs of spiritual truth are in the heart of much that men are willing to abolish as idle fables. Science may be profound and searching, but there is a power still greater lurking in doctrines Divinely-given as true, and to such we must hold fast in spite of all the hate and bitterness they may evoke from mere human opposition.

Shall we name one or two everlasting truths to which we would exhort our readers solemnly to cling fast? They are the pillars upon which the sublime structure of Christianity must either stand or fall. Some doctrines can be allowed to lapse; others never. Fundamental to all sincere belief in Christianity is a faith in the Divinity of Christ. To this we should cling as the only sure hope for mankind in this world and the next. Let not Science wrest us away from the Rock of Ages, only to cast us into the ocean of doubt and despair. Then there is the inherent wickedness of the whole race in a state of nature. This is a doctrine much disputed, and attempts are being made to prove that after all man in a sinful condition is not so great an anomaly in the sight of a pure and holy being as we are led by the Bible to suppose. Here the deadly error creeps in under the cloak of a pity and love for humanity. But let us rather rely on the words of Scripture, which give no uncertain sound, being full of explicit declarations concerning the truth that man is a diseased creature by nature since the fall; needing the regenerating touch of his Maker before he can rightly enjoy life here or in a future condition.

We sternly wish to condemn that specious form of infidelity which has arisen through the teachings of evolutionists. While it is impossible to dispute the main facts unfolded by the latest discoveries in Science, it is possible, and highly necessary, to do combat with the absurd inferences drawn from them. Never will we admit that there is no creative energy at work in the visible universe. We refuse to consider the system in which we are placed as a great clock that had but to be wound up by its Author, to go on uninterruptedly without His presence or aid. This is not a true rendering of the hidden sources of life and matter. On the contrary, we cling fast to the truths whispered to the conscience by every waving tree and sweet songster rendering nature beautiful; to that doctrine printed all over the creation, "God, the active motive power in all we see around us; in the mighty thunder, as well as in the music of the stream and the loveliest flower that hides beneath our feet." Oh, reader! let us cling fast to the faith as it is in Christ only, and refuse to be washed from the rocks of Christianity, in spite of all the wisdom or genius of men. "Cling fast," and cling always; for waves of doubt are surging wildly around us, and many have deserted the standard of the Cross on all sides!

E. CLIFFORD.

Look into the life and temper of Christ, described and illustrated in the Gospel, and search whether you can find anything like it in your own life. Have you anything of His humility, meekness, and benevolence to men? Anything of His purity and wisdom, His contempt of the world, His patience, His fortitude, His zeal?

## SONGS OF FAITH.

1. O songs of faith that pilgrims sing! To you our hearts for ever cling; You guide us where the  
 2. O songs of love that angels sing! What peace and joy your sweet notes bring They float so sweet-ly  
 3. And now, O joy! at last, at last The years of toil and we are past. And Zi-on's gold-en

saints have trod, You lead us to the throne of God. O mu-sic soft! O mu-sic sweet! Home  
 down the way That leads us up to end-less day. O mu-sic soft! O mu-sic sweet! With  
 gate ap-pears; We pass for aye from grief and tears. O mu-sic soft! O mu-sic sweet! We

up-ward by your song. The storms of time a-round us beat. The weak-est heart grows strong.  
 Hea-ven in the strain; Our wait-ing ears your sweet songs greet. They calm our wea-ry pain.  
 lay our bur-dens down, For e-ver-more at Je-sus' feet. And there re-ceive our crown.

## THE PARSIMONIOUS SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. A. TAYLOR, M.A.

VERY little money is spent on it. The people of the church to which it belongs think that it is not worth spending much for. They are not far from right, for it is a poor affair of a Sunday-school, and if it is to be made no better, time, money, and brains are wasted in keeping up its shabby existence. Thinking it is worthless, they put their theory into practice by withholding the funds necessary to its prosperity. Expensive theories often fail of being put into practice; but when the theory is one involving the saving of money, it is likely to go into operation.

The prodigal people who carry on the church over yonder, spend two or three hundred pounds a year on their Sunday-school. The narrow-minded persons who run this school reason therefrom that they are wantonly throwing away money; that they ought not to lavish on their school an amount equal to what many congregations pay for the support of pastor, pastor's wife, pastoral horse, and six little pastoral children; and that they will set an example of praiseworthy economy by running their Sunday-school for as little money as possible. They will even try to have it cost nothing at all. They rejoice over the fact, as they count up the yearly expenses of the whole establishment, that they have saved something.

The idea of economy is a right and useful idea in its proper place and bounds. Instances are on record of its having been carried too far. A man may save considerable money by not educating his children at all; but he will find it expensive in the end to let them grow up dunces. The supplies for the family may be cut down, so as to materially lessen sums paid to butcher, grocer, and milkman; but the head of the family will some day wake to the fact that the style of domestic economy produces great leanness of flesh in the family. The shopkeeper may turn down the lights in his windows till the gas burns blue; he reduces his gas bill, but drives away his customers. You may go almost without clothes, and save coal by filling your grate half full of brick-bats; but your aching joints and shivering flesh will painfully tell you that it would have been wiser economy to procure good and reasonable fuel and raiment, and plenty of them. The traditional person who fed his horse on shavings and shoe-pegs, instead of on hay and oats, saved in the amount of his feed bill, but is

said to have suffered the loss of the animal on which he tried the economical experiment.

We knock at the door of the parsimonious Sunday-school. It opens of its own accord, for the latch is broken, and to mend it would have cost a shilling, which amount it was thought best to save. These little expenses, says the financial man of the school, do amount up so; at the end of the year they make quite a bill. We pause to wipe the mud from our feet, but there is no door-mat. Some thievish person carried it away six months ago, and another has not been procured. A mat would cost six shillings, which had better go to the heathen. We would sit down. Some boys in the class near to the door crowd together to make room for us; for there are no benches provided for visitors; it would cost too much. The superintendent stands behind an old thing which used to be a church pulpit. When he raps on it with a stick, which he does to call the school to order, he raises a cloud of dust from the old straw and dry-goods composing the cushion. Part of the Gospel according to Matthew is torn out of the large Bible, which was used in the church till it wore out, when it was generously given to the Sunday-school, with the kind regards of the church. A new Bible was then provided for the church, and a new white-and-gilt pulpit was erected. The congregation upstairs sit on hair cushions, with moreen covers; the children in the uncomfortable basement into which we have entered, sit on benches about as luxuriant as saw-horses. The rays of the sun find their way into the grown people's sanctuary through coloured glass; the colouring on these basement windows is from the dust that has collected, and the mud that has been splashed on the seven-by-nine panes which were thought good enough for the Sunday-school. There is an absence of cheerful warmth and comfort. The chimney is out of order; and the stove, a second-hand one purchased for a sovereign less than a new one could have been bought for, does not draw well. There are no boxes, drawers, shelves, or closets for the reception of the books; consequently each class leaves its books in a pile on the floor, under the end of the bench. The books are a little soiled and dog-eared; but that is no matter, they are only children's books. No money has been wasted in tinsel decoration of the walls of this school, nor have any pictures been provided to call off the attention of the young people from their lessons. The solitary adornment of the walls is a dismal map of Palestine, and this help to the understanding of the sacred Scripture has been suffered to remain, speckled by the flies of summer, darkened by the smoke of winter, and browned by the dust all the year round,

till it is now more of a time-stained relic of the past than an assistance in present geographical research.

The literary and intellectual furniture of this concern is of much the same order as the stove, the windows, and the walls. The shabby hymn-books, out of which the children sing very shabby music, suggest the idea of an economy which has not found its way into the choir of the church, where the stately organ, with several rows of gilt pipes, makes harmony with vocal praise from golden-edged hymn-books. The school is now studying the same lessons that were studied last year—not from a desire to clinch the nails of truth then driven, but from the fact that it has not been deemed best to incur the expense of new question books. The idea of uniting with other schools in the study of a uniform series of lessons does not occur to these good folks. The library books, few in number, are broken-backed, torn, and smeared, presenting, in their appearance on the shelves, no inducement to any ambitious child to take and read. No Sunday-school papers are taken for the children or teachers, for it would cost several pounds a year to furnish them.

It has already been remarked that the singing is poor—a kind of rusty singing, which refuses to get new music, new hymns, new instruments, or new helps of any kind. There is no enthusiasm about it, and there is very little real music. Enthusiasm is costly. The better we sing, the more new music we need to buy. The hymn-book used is one published thirty years ago, excellent in its way, but not up to the times. Three children crowd to look over each hymn-book, for there are not enough to go round the school.

But somebody will say that, notwithstanding all these deficiencies, the Gospel is taught in truth and simplicity. If it be so, well. But when the surroundings of religious teaching are as beggarly as these, the religious teaching itself is generally weak stuff. It is true that the Gospel can be taught in a barn, or a cave, or an old railway car, or even in the open air, which is cheaper than all. But we do not seek a barn if we can get better accommodation, nor do we go down into a cave if we can be provided with quarters above ground. Open-air preaching is praiseworthy in season; but when the ponds are frozen, and snow lies a foot deep on the ground, a comfortable church, with heating apparatus in full blast, is desirable.

Had there been a Sunday-school department in Solomon's temple, it would have been gotten up in good style. Solomon would not have crowded the little Israelites into a damp, uncomfortable cellar, or into a mean upper story, destitute of the comforts of life. He would not have calculated how many shekels of gold he could have saved by making the young folks put up with mean accommodations; nor would he have contracted with Hiram, king of Tyre, for a lot of knotty and unseasoned timber, "just to finish the Sunday-school." The Sunday-school is worth all it costs. Out with that pinching parsimony which closely calculates the lowest penny for which it can be managed!

Love in a woman's life is a history; in a man's an episode.—*Madame de Staël.*

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarified to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief, in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—*Richter.*

Henry Melvill beautifully says:—"How often has that to which we looked forward with hope wrung from us tears! And how often has that which we awaited in fear made the countenance sunny with smiles!"

She certainly is no true woman for whom every man may not find it in his heart to have a certain gracious and holy and honourable love; she is not a woman who returns no love and asks no protection.—*Bartol.*

Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendours.—*Hawthorne.*

Health comes of itself; but we are at great pains to get our diseases. Health comes from a simple life of nature; disease from an artificial life of civilisation.

There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and through the day about your daily business.

We are sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to robin redbreast, who chants it as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?

## JESUS THE SHIELD.

Genesis xv. 1.

BY REV. R. NEWTON, D.D.



JESUS is the best shield, because He is a shield always ready.

A dear little English boy, named Bennie, lay sleeping in the shady verandah of his Indian home. The nurse who had been trusted with him had neglected her charge, and left him while he was asleep. A great, fierce tiger, prowling in search of prey, finding the village very quiet, had ventured in among the dwellings. The English gentlemen were all absent, the natives were in the rice-fields, and the ladies were taking their rest during the heat of the day.

The tiger crept noiselessly past the quiet house, until he saw the sleeping child. Then with one bound he sprang upon him, grasped the flowing white robe of the child in his teeth, and darted off with it to his native jungle. Having secured his prize, he laid it down, and, as a kitten often plays with a captive mouse before devouring it, so the tiger began sporting with the child. He walked round and round him, laid first one paw and then another gently on his plump little limbs, and looked into the boy's beautiful face as if his savage heart was almost melted by its sweetness.

There was a brave little heart in Bennie, for he did not seem to be at all alarmed by his strange companion. He was used to Nero, the large, black house dog; the ponies were his chief favourites; and he felt inclined to look on the tiger as if he were only Nero's brother. And when the tiger glared at him with his great fiery eyeballs, or when the sight of his dreadful teeth made his heart beat for a moment, he only returned the gaze, saying in baby language, "I'm not afraid of you, for I've got a father! You can't hurt Bennie—Bennie's got a mamma!" Oh, if we could only have the same trust in our heavenly Father, how well it would be for us!

All this time, while her daring boy laws in such dreadful danger, his mother was sleeping. The faithless nurse returned by-and-by, to find the child gone. In her fright she flew from house to house in search of him. But the eye that never sleeps was watching that dear child. The best shield was stretched over him. An aged native had heard the tiger give a low, peculiar growl, from which he knew that he had seized some prey. Taking his gun, he followed in his trail till he came near him. Then he hid himself carefully behind the bushes. He saw the terrible creature playing with the

child, and dreaded every moment to see him tear it to pieces. He watched his opportunity to fire, fearful lest the ball intended for the tiger should hit the child. The proper moment came. He took his aim and fired. The tiger leaped, gave a howl of pain, ran a few steps, and fell dead by the side of the now frightened child.

It was He who said, "I am thy shield," who watched over and protected that little one in such an hour of fearful danger.

Let us be sure that we make Jesus our friend. Then, wherever we go and wherever we stay, we shall be safe, because we shall have this best shield for our protection. Remember that Jesus has said:—

"I AM THY SHIELD."

[This little story is taken from "Rays from the Sun of Righteousness," a book we should like all our younger readers to see. It is published by the Wesleyan Conference Office, is very prettily illustrated and bound, and costs only 2s. 6d.]

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

- (1) *Rob Rat: A Story of Barge Life.* 6d.  
 (2) *The Meadow Daisy.* By Lillie Montfort. 1s.  
 (3) *Broken Purposes.* By Lillie Montfort. 1s 6d.  
 (4) *Precious Seed and Little Sowers.* 4d.  
 [London: Wesleyan Conference Office.]  
 (5) *The Kingdom of Judah.* By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World."  
 (6) *The Real and the Ideal.* [London: J. Nisbet and Co.]  
 (7) *Echoes from Beulah.* By Fanny Lonsdale. [London: Haughton and Co.]  
 (8) *The Domestic World.* 2s. 6d.  
 (9) *The Romance of the Streets.* 3s. 6d.  
 [London: Hodder and Stoughton.]  
 (10) *Mattie and Bessie.* By Annie E. Courtenay.  
 (11) *Forget Me Not.* By the same.  
 (12) *Little Eva's Wish.* By the same.  
 [London: J. W. Allingham.]  
 (13) *Poetical Leaflets for the Sorrowing*, 1s., and *Scripture Leaflets for the Sorrowing*, 1s. By G. W. Moon. [London: Hatchards.]

SELDOM have we read a story that we could so thoroughly appreciate as the tale of barge life (1) before us. Simple, unpretentious, yet teeming with homely pathos, this little narrative carries one admiringly to the end, and we predict will, if widely read (as it ought to be), exercise no small influence on the future of our canal population. Why the author conceals his name it is hard to tell, though we believe we know him; anyhow he has reason to be proud of his work. The book has eighteen really good illustrations, nearly all original, and the fact that all this, with eighty-nine pages of reading matter, strongly bound, can be had for sixpence, is, to us, who know something of book-production, simply a marvel.

We are glad to find "Lillie Montfort" coming to the front again after her long and severe illness. Two books of hers are before us. The first (2) is an exquisite children's story, full of the fragrance of the fields, and the happy, lovable simplicity of a true heart. The other (3), a story more especially for boys, is thorough in its feeling, and unsparing in its warnings. Both books are good in every respect, and we shall be glad to know that they have as wide a circulation as "My Class for Jesus."

Yet another children's book (4), interesting and very cheap, and well worth reading. It seems to us that the author of the "Wide Wide World" cannot write an uninteresting book. Here is an ordinarily dry subject, the history of the "Kingdom of Judah" (5), told in the form of a simple narration of a family excursion through the Holy Land, introducing in the easiest and most unpretentious manner possible a large amount of information in the guise of dialogue. The references are copious, and we could think of no greater treat for a Sunday-school teacher to give his scholars than to read from this book every Sunday, with open Bibles, for the purpose of continual reference.

A gem of a book is this tiny volume of poems (6), dedicated *à la plus belle*. Some of the pieces are real poetry.

Why 'his collection of pieces (7), should be entitled "Echoes from Beulah" we cannot understand. Some of the pieces are very fair, but the majority are not above mediocrity.

An old friend in a new dress (8). "The Domestic World" is, indeed, a wonderful book, full of information of every conceivable kind. Terse and practical, it seems to embrace everything, and many a household would benefit by its careful perusal, and 396 pages for half-a-crown is certainly value for money.

"The London Rambler" rambles well (9), and tells his story in a most interesting manner. Very graphically does he write of "London Arabs," "Jack Ketch's Warren," "London Thieves," and kindred subjects, and the "Conclusion" is a hearty appeal which we trust will bear good fruit. We hope to give extracts from both these books of Messrs. Hodder's next month.

Miss Courtenay is a pleasing writer, and the tale before us (10) will be thoroughly appreciated by the youngsters, for whom it is written.

The next book (11), by the same authoress, is more pretentious, evincing considerable power, and showing the writer in a far different phase of character. The people in her story are real, and the climax is most effective, and, of course, poetically just.

Yet another little book by the same writer (12). Composed principally of verses of but little poetical value, but worthy of recognition when it is stated that they were written between the ages of ten and sixteen, and have reached a third edition.

Mr. Moon's leaflets (13) are well worthy of extensive circulation, but surely this cannot be expected when we only get twenty-four two-page leaflets for a shilling. This is too much.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE Registrar-General's return of the population of England and Wales in the middle of 1877 is twenty-four and a half millions. As the number of sittings in all places of worship does not exceed twelve and a-half millions, there are twelve millions remaining for whom no provision is made.

A month's evangelistic work is to be prosecuted by several of the leading Baptist churches, priority being given to towns or districts of considerable population where the churches are cordially united, and where the ministers are prepared to support their visitors with earnest and prayerful co-operation.

The Emperor of Germany is recovering from the effects of the attempt at assassination on the part of the man Nobiling. At a meeting of German Socialists, in London, the speakers disowned the assassin, and disclaimed any sympathy with him, while his friends attribute the act to insanity.

Dr. M'Kerrow, ex-Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England, and a highly respected and formerly popular minister of Manchester, has passed away. Dr. M'Kerrow has lived in retirement for several years, at Bowdon, in Cheshire, where his decease took place, on Tuesday, June 4. He had nearly completed his 80th year.

The following returns have been issued, showing the numerical strength of the Primitive Methodist Church:—Members, 166,835; last year, 165,788—increase, 1,047. Ministers, 940; local preachers, 14,568—an increase of 150. There is also an increase of 50 class leaders, 79 Sunday-schools, 1,607 teachers, and 9,406 scholars.

A Bill will shortly be introduced to Parliament to secure an increase of the episcopate of the Established Church by the addition of four new sees.

The Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, of St. Alban's, Holborn, has been again suspended by the judge of the Court of Arches—this time for a period of three years—not only from the emoluments but from the functions of the clerical office. This is the third time that Mr. Mackonochie has been suspended. The first time was ten years ago, for six weeks only; and the second time was for three months.

The death of Earl Russell, recorded and commented upon by many hundreds of journals both at home and abroad, was that of one who, in the natural course of things, could not have been expected to remain much longer with us. We have nothing to do with politics here, but we nevertheless recognise the work that "Lord John" accomplished. Dealing with facts rather than with opinions, and allowing for human fallibility, few can look back over the eighty-six years which bridged the period between the beginning and the ending of his life, without paying a tribute to the departed earl. Associated from his youth with every progressive movement, he lived to see the fulfilment, and more than the fulfilment, of all he undertook in public affairs. His life was therefore one of pre-eminent success.

Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, of Finnieston Church, Glasgow, was elected Moderator for the year in the place of Sir Henry

Moncreiff, at the recent Free Church Assembly. At one of the meetings a communication was read from the Established Assembly, expressing a hope that the ministers of the two churches would co-operate in Christian work, and a desire to consider the causes of the continued separation of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland. A resolution was unanimously adopted signifying the desirability of the removal of all obstacles preventing the reunion of the sister Presbyterian Churches.

The famine in China, according to the latest reports, is still doing its deadly work. The Acting-Governor of Honan and Yuan Paohéng says:—"In the earlier period of distress the living fed upon the bodies of the dead; next, the strong devoured the weak; and now the general destitution has arrived at such a climax that men devour those of their own flesh and blood. History contains no record of so terrible and distressing a state of things, and if prompt measures of relief be not instituted the whole region must become depopulated."

The Wesleyan District returns have been published, and it appears that while in seventeen of the thirty-four districts there has been an increase of 1,850 members, in the other seventeen there is a decrease of 3,265, showing a net decrease of 1,415.

The Methodist New Connexion annual conference commenced its sittings on Monday, June 10, at Ashton-under-Lyne. The Rev. James Ogden was elected president. There is an increase of 570 members over the numbers reported last year, with 1,134 on trial.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches in Ireland has been in session at Belfast. Professor Witherow, of Magee College, Londonderry, was elected Moderator, the Rev. George Bellis retiring from the chair.

A gentleman at Bristol writes:—"For six years a decayed tooth prevented mastication on the side it was situated, as well as causing many sleepless nights; but having used Hunter's Nervine, I am not only relieved of the most troublesome of all pains, but can now use the tooth without the slightest inconvenience."

The "Prison Gate Mission" is doing excellent philanthropic work in Ireland. The annual meeting of the mission has been held at Belfast, Sir Thomas M'Clure presiding, and it appears from the report that about 2,200 women annually pass through the Antrim county prison. The society endeavours to reclaim females who are all but hopelessly sunk in crime and intemperance, and the efforts thus put forth have been in many instances rewarded by encouraging results.

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